within my doores, Marry hang you, shee's borne to vndo vs, wil you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastity, with rosemary and bayse. *Exit.*

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cusherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fisting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you, where a man may serue 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty olde receptacles, or common-shores of filth; serue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these waies are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could hee speake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would safely deliuer me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will vndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many schollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult.

Boult. Faith my acquaintaince lyes little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your waies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story saies;
She sings like one immortall, and she dances
As Goddesse-like to her admired laies:
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That euen her art, sisters the naturall Roses,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes she none of noble race,
Who poure their bounty on her, and her gaine
She giues the cursed Baud. Leaue we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,
And driuen before the winde, he is arriude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citty striude
God *Neptune* annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lysimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners sable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with feruour hyes.
In your supposing, once more put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke. *Exit.*

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Saylers.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can resolue you. O here he is sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the Gouernor, who craues to come aboard, what is your will?

Hell.

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